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Who, from each flower and verdant stalk,
Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,
And fill'd the long delightful walk?

Not on an insect would he tread,
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead—
Who taught, at once, my heart and head?

Who wrote upon that heart, the line*
Paidiá grav'd on virtue's shrine,
To make the human race—Divine?

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's fame,
And taught the high, heroic theme,
That, nightly, flash'd upon my dream?

Who smil'd at my supreme desire,
To see "the curling smoke aspire,"
From Ithaca's domestic fire?

Who, with Ulysses, saw me roam,
High on the raft, amidst the foam,
His head up-raised to look for home?

What made a barren rock so dear?
"My Boy—he had a country there!"
And who then dropt a *prescient* tear?

Who, now, in pale and placid light
Of mem'ry, gleams upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulchre of night?

Oh! teach me still thy Christian plan,
For practice with thy precept ran,
Nor yet desert me now a man;

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
With charm of thy angelic voice—
Still prompt the motive and the choice.

For yet remains but little space
Till I shall meet thee, face to face,
And not (as now) in vain embrace
MY FATHER.

HYMN TO BEAUTY.

THEE, Beauty, and thy ever-powerful
charms,
How shall my weak, untutor'd accents
hail;
How shall I dare to lift my dazzl'd eye,
And meet the effulgent brightness of thy
throne;
Parent divine of love, and joy, and grace,

*"Αληθεύειν και Ευεργετιν."

BELFAST MAG. NO. LII.

And all that makes this earth so wond'rous
fair?

Thou art the sister of eternal truth,
And god-like virtue; hand in hand ye
range

Creation's bounds, indissolubly join'd.
O'er the wide realms of nature thou su-
preme,
Unrivall'd reign'st; from thee proceed the
charms

That touch all hearts; each breeze that
flits along

On gentle wing, and robs the odorous
flowers,

Bears incense to thy shrine; no brook that
flows

But sounds thy praise, as soft it steals
along.

Thou cloth'st the lovely spring, when
first she dares

Fearful to tread in winter's icy train;
A veil of gossamer thy light hand throws

O'er summer's form, and autumn's sun-
burnt limbs;

Ev'n winter's hills of snow, and ice-built
rocks,

Receive the power to please, illum'd by
thee.

From thee has Flora borrow'd all her tints,
Her charming perfumes, and her graceful
forms;

From thee its lovely blush the rose receives,
And the sweet violet its soft azure hue.

Thou art the soul of this bright world,
to thee

We owe the graces, and the thousand
charms

That sweeten life, and give it all it owns
Of lovely, great, majestic, and sublime.

Thou guid'st the sculptor's and the painter's
hand,

X. And bid'st the canvass and the marble
breathe.

From thee the lyre receives its dulcet
sounds,

Entrancing airs, and harmonies divine.
The stately pile, where fair proportion

reign'd,
The pride of Greece, and wonder of the

world,
Held all its charms from thee, 'twas thou

inspir'd
The great idea in the master's mind.

From thee proceed the patriot's glowing
words,

His high born thoughts, and deeds that
tyrants fear;

d d d

And when the scaffold, in his country's
cause,
With dauntless steps he treads, thy grace-
ful hand
Supports him at the last, the glorious hour,
And teaches him to fall with noble pride.

Oft have I mark'd thee in the eastern
sky,

While yet Apollo slumber'd in the lap
Of Thetis, goddess of the azure wave.
'Tis thou that fill'st the poet's raptur'd
breast,

Pensively roaming at the silent hour,
When in the western sky the sun is sunk,
And nature shows herself with soften'd
charms,

And courts his love, and meets his ra-
vish'd eye,

And thrills his heart with extacy divine.

Thy rosy smiles beam o'er Britannia's
plains,

And cheer the peasant's heart amid his
toil,

And oft he turns to gaze with guileless
joy

On all the charms of woods, and fields,
and dales,

And rivers winding slow among the hills.

Yon love-sick youth, who seeks the
lonely shades,

Where solitude and silence nurse his pain,
That pain which dearer far than joy he
deems,

For thee forsakes the city's splendid scenes,
And flies to muse alone on Delia's charms,

Delia, thy favourite child, thy best adorn'd.
For tho' thy radiant smile illumine the fields,

The forest, and the hills, the azure sky,
The wide-spread main, and all that nature
knows

Of great and fair; and tho' thy angel voice,
In the soft warbling of the lute we hear,

Yet over woman's form thy lavish'd hand
Has spread thy choicest treasures; to her
lips

Thou gav'st thy harmonies and accents
bland.

Centred in woman all the graces beam,
Bright image of thyself, in her we find

What worthiest we may deem to be ad-
mir'd;

The eye that speaks the purity of soul,
The curling tresses, and the polish'd neck,

And cheek that blushes with the rose of
health;

The graceful step, and dignity of mien,
With all the soul-bewildering maze of
charms.

Dublin.

Dion.

AN EPIGRAM, ALTERED FROM THE GER-
MAN.

"AH! here," a philosopher cried,
"The earth's other side I can't see:"
"At Botany Bay," I replied,
"You'll see it, and transported will be!"

Oba.

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the Moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Eliza wept—
Sweet maid!—it was her Henry's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An Angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd PITY brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

H.L.H.

THE MANIAC.

WHERE strays Eliza, hapless maid!
Whose bosom secret anguish heaves?
With hurried steps she seeks yon glade,
To cull the laurel's choicest leaves.

Sad is her eye:—its native flame
Shines dimly thro' a constant tear;
And all the charms which mark'd her fame,
Have fallen a prey to grief severe.

But, ah! those charms were heav'nly fair!
And placid was that bosom's swell;
For joy and peace were seated there,
Ere that sad day when Henry fell.

Henry, a chief in Albion's host,
To which his deeds a lustre gave;
For Albion's legions ne'er could boast
A chief more graceful, or more brave.

His conscious soul the nymph admir'd;
An equal passion her's confest:
And soon had Hymen's bands conspir'd
To make the faithful lovers blest;

But glory call'd the chief away:—
To fight by gallant Well'sley's side,
He sought Braganza's native sway,
And in his country's battle's died.